THREE
Moſt Excellent
NEW
SONGS:

VIZ.

The Babes in the Wood.
The Banks of the Dee.
Jamie's Anſwer.

Entered according to Order.

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 AUG 46

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

NOW ponder well, ye parents dear,
the words that I ſhall write;
A doleful ſtory you ſhall hear,
in time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
in Norfolk dwelt of late,
Whoſe wealth and riches did ſurmount
moſt men of his eſtate.
Sore ſick was he, and like to die,
no help then could he have;
His wife with him as ſick did lie,
and both poſſeſt one grave.
No love betwixt theſe two was loſt;
each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
and left two babes behind;
The one a fine and pretty boy,
not paſſing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,
and made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little ſon,
as plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age doth come,
three hundred pounds a year.
And to his little daughter Jean
two hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on her marriage day,
which might not be controll'd.

But if his children chance to die,
ere they to age ſhould come,
Their uncle ſhould receive their wealth,
for ſo the will did run.
Now brother, ſaid the dying man,
look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
no friend elſe have I here.
To God and you I do commend
my children night and day,
For little time we have, be ſure,
within this world to ſtay.
You muſt be father and mother both,
and uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them
when I am dead and gone.
With that then ſpoke the mother dear,
O brother kind, quoth ſhe,
Thou art the man muſt bring my babes
to wealth or miſery:
If you do keep them carefully,
then God will you reward;
If otherwiſe you ſeem to deal,
God will your deed regard.
With lips as cold as any ſtone
ſhe kiſs'd thoſe children ſmall;
God bleſs you both, my children dear,
with that the tears did fall.
Theſe ſpeeches did the brother ſpeak
to the ſick couple there,
The keeping of your children dear,
ſweet ſiſter, do not fear.
God never proſper me or mine,
or ought elſe that I have,

If I do wrong your children dear
when you are laid in grave.
Their parents being dead and gone,
the children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his houſe,
and much of them he makes
He had not kept theſe pretty babes
a twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did contrive
to make them both away.
He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
which were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take the children young,
and ſlay them in the wood;
And told his wife, and all he had,
he did the children ſend,
To be brought up in fair London
with one that was a friend.
Away then went theſe pretty babes
rejoicing at the tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
they ſhould on horſeback ride.
They talk and prattle pleaſantly
as they rode on the way,
To thoſe that ſhould their butchers
and work their life's decay;
So that the pretty ſpeech they had
made the murd'rers' hearts relent,
And that they took the deed in hand
full ſore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
did vow to do his charge,
Becauſe the wretch that hired them
had paid them very large;

The other would not 'gree thereto,
so there they fell to ſtrife,
With one another they did fight
about the children's life,
And he that was of mildeſt mood
did ſlay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
the babes did quake and fear.
He took the children by the hand,
when tears ſtood in their eye,
And bade them come along with him,
and look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them thus,
while they for bread complain,
Stay here, quoth he, I 'll bring you bread
when I do come again.
The pretty babes, with hand in hand,
went wand'ring up and down,
But never more they ſaw the man
approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with black berries
were all beſmear'd and dy'd,
And when they ſaw the darkſome night,
they ſat them down and cry'd.
Thus wand'red theſe two pretty babes,
till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they dy'd,
as babes wanting relief.
No burial theſe two pretty babes
of any man receives,
'Till Robin Red-breaſt carefully
did cover them with leaves.
And then the heavy wrath of God
upon their uncle fell;

Fearful fiends did haunt his houſe,
his conſcience felt a hell:
His barns took fire, and goods conſum'd,
his lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the houſe,
and nothing with him ſtaid!
And in a voyage to Portugal
two of his ſons did die!
And, to conclude, himſelf was brought
unto great miſery!
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
ere ſeven years were out!
And then at length the wicked act
by theſe means was found out:
The fellow that did take in hand
theſe infants for to kill,
Was for a robber judg'd to die,
as was God's bleſſed will!
Who did confeſs the very truth,
the which is here expreſs'd!
Their uncle died, while he for debt
did long in priſon reſt.
Now all you that be factors made,
and overſeers eke,
Of children that be fatherleſs,
and infants mild and meek,
Take all example by this thing,
and yield to each his right,
Leſt God with ſuch like miſeries
your wicked deeds requite.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS ſummer, and ſoftly the breezes were blowing,
and ſweetly the Nightingale ſung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I ſet myſelf down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou ſweet river,
thy bank's pureſt ſtream ſhall be dear to me ever,
For there I firſt gained the affection and favour
of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.
But now he 's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
to quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he!
And ah! there 's no hope of his ſpeedy returning,
to wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He 's gone, hapleſs youth, o'er the proud roaring billows,
the kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows,
And left me to ſtray 'mongſt theſe once loved willows,
the loneſieſt maid on the banks of the Dee.
But time and my prayers may perhaps yet reſtore him,
bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me,
And when he returns, with ſuch care I 'll watch o'er him,
he never ſhall leave the ſweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying,
the lambs on its banks again be ſeen playing,
While I with my Jamie am careleſſly ſtraying,
and taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

JAMIE's ANSWER.

THY voice, my dear jewel, the winds have wafted to me,
tho' now at great diſtance at this time we be;
But yet I hope ſoon that time will reſtore me,
when happy we 'll be on the banks of the Dee.
Thy purling clear ſtreams, thou ſweet running river,
where I and my Jeany will be happy for ever,
It was the ſpot where ſhe gained my favour,
and I called her love, and the pride of the Dee.
It was in our youth when theſe ſweet banks we haunted,
and ſported together with innocent glee!
So happy we were, that no pleaſure we wanted;
no mortals more happy than Jeany and me.
Flow on thou ſweet ſtream, nor ceaſe thy running,
flow on thou ſweet murmurs, tell Jeany I 'm coming;
We 've beat the proud rebels, who from us are running,
and ſoon I ſhall tatte of the ſweets of the Dee.
Then the Lambs on the banks ſhall again be ſeen playing,
the ſtreams of the fountain ſhall then run more clear;
Pray, my dear Jeany, think not I 'm delaying,
I haſten with victory to you my young dear.
Tell theſe pretty lambs that Jamie is coming,
then they 'll leap with joy, and bleſs the good omen,
In hopes that ſoon after ſome good news are coming
when we meet again on the banks of the Dee.

FINIS.